A New Mad TOM of Bedlam,

OR,

The man in the Moon drinks Claret,
With Powder-beef turnep and Caret.
the tune is Crazy Tome Mask.

94 S P.
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FOrth from my fair and darkſome Cell,
Or from the deep Abiſſe of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To ſee if he can caſe his diſtempred brain,
Fear and care doth pierce my ſoul.
Hark how the angry Furies howle,
Pluto laughs and Proſerpine is glad,
To ſee poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.
Through the world I will wander night & day
to find my ſtraging Senſes,
In an angry mood I found old time
with's pentarchy of Tences,
When me he ſpyes,
Away he flyes,
For time will ſtay for no man
In vain with cryes,
I rend the Skyes
For pitty is not common,
Cold and comfortleſſe I lye
Help O help or elſe I dye
Hearke I hear,
Apollos Team,
The Carman gins to whiſtle.
Chaſt Diana
Bends her Bow
The Boys begins to briſkle,
Come Vulcan with Tools and with tackles
Shake off my troubleſome ſhackles,
Let Charls make ready his wain,
To bring my ſenſes again,
Laſt night I heard the Dog ſtar bark,
Mars met Venus in the dark,
Limping Vulcan beat an Iron Warre
And fiercely did run at the Son of war,
Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcans Temples had the gout,
His broad horns ſo did hang in his ſight;
He could not ſee to aim his blows arright;
Mercury the nimble poſt of heaven,
Lay ſtill to ſee the quarrell,
Goutſull-helped Bacchus Opant like
beſide a ſtrong Beer barrell,
To me he drank,
I did him thank,
But I could get no Syder.
He drunk whole Buts,
Till he crackt his Guts
But mine were nere the wiſer.
Poor naked Tom is very dry,
A little drink for Charity,
Hark I hear,
Acteons hounds,
The Huntſman whoops and hollows,
Ringwood Roſter,
Bowman Jowler,
At the chaſe now follows.
The Man i'th Moon drinks Claret,
With Powder-beef Turnep and Carret,
A cup of old Malligo Sack,
Will fire the buſh at his back.